

# SCHOOL FOR HOUSEWIVES.

By MARION HARLAND.

## Housewife's Exchange.

Will you please tell me through the Housewife's Exchange what acids or compounds will remove ink blots from ledger and account books? I am a bookkeeper, and have great trouble keeping my pages clean from ink stains.

B. S.

Dampen the blots ever so slightly and cover the dampness with cyanide of potassium. Leave it alone when you have put the tiniest imaginable drop of water upon the powder. Should it be wet enough to run the surrounding writing would be faded. Let the powder remain on the ink for an hour. As cyanide of potassium is a deadly poison, handle it with the utmost care.

1. I have noticed in your column many queries for a remedy for fleas on dogs. I have a fine collie, and not one flea. The remedy I use is whale oil soap. Rub in well—in fact, it makes a fine lather. It not only kills the fleas, but makes the hair soft and fine as silk. There is a fishy odor, but that soon wears off. The soap can be purchased at the drug stores. I hope this will do some poor dog good.

2. Can you tell me where I can get the book or the play called "Jiboninosay, or, Nick of the Woods?" I saw the play and read the book in my boyhood days, and now want it again.

E. J. H.

2. Referred.

Could you give me a recipe for cleaning a nickel-plated kettle which has become dull from the gas stove? I have used whiting, but it did no good.

MRS. A. R. L.

Clean with a cloth dipped in kerosene, then in whiting or other good plate powder. Leave it on the metal for a while and polish with chamois skin.

Enclosed you will find a recipe for ice cream croquettes, which is wanted by "Constant Reader."

MRS. R. H. L.

The recipe will appear soon in its proper place—i. e., in the column devoted to formulas for cookery. The donor will accept the united acknowledgments of the constituency and of myself. The comfortable confidence with which I transfer the responsibility of seeking recipe, or quotation, or scientific fact to my beloved correspondents is founded upon the experience of many months of co-partnership.

"Do you know how to get rid of bats? We have an old building, and the bats fly around like sparrows at night. We cannot sit on the steps or sit in the yard, for they will hover around our heads, and they even get into the house. I often see foolish questions asked, and perhaps you will not answer this. We live in the suburbs."

A READER.

So far from considering yours a foolish question, I think your grievance worthy of complaint. I regret that my personal acquaintance with bats supplies me with but one expedient that may possibly be of use to you. One summer in my childhood I visited an old plantation homestead where bats abounded. They flew into the windows as soon as the lamps were lighted, actually striking against them in their blind gyrations, and throwing women into hysterical panic. My most vivid recollection of the episode is of seeing the heir of the house, a hale, handsome fellow, standing over the dining table, coach whip in hand, and lashing at them as they circled around the room so coolly and with such steady aim that each stroke brought down a mutilated victim. He it was who organized the search party which routed the unwelcome visitors for good and all.

By day they slept in stable loft and among the rafters of tobacco barns, hanging by teeth and claws, heads downward. The negroes hunted them out, beat them down with sticks and burned sulphur under their hanging places to deter them from again taking refuge there. About 100 were killed and we heard no more of them that season. They are loathly creatures, and I do not wonder you dread them.

Does any constituent chance to know of any sure element of destruction that will meet this case—some "bad-on-bats" which may expel them with the guarantee that they "will not die in the house"?

Let me take a few minutes out of a busy morning to answer your appeal in regard to the cold "water cure" for fruits and vegetables. No doubting Thomas ever tried anything with less confidence of success than I tried that process. So little faith had I that I risked only one quart jar of rhubarb in July of last year. I opened the can this spring, and wished there were more. It was crisp and fresh and fine. I had peeled the stalks, cut them into inch lengths and filled a clean jar, then held it under the cold water faucet till it overflowed. A new rubber and a clean top finished the process. It was an unqualified success. S. L. A. D.

When another busy woman has been begging, almost tearfully, for weeks for just such a tale as you have told, your note is a boon.

I have a story to tell—now a year old. My jars, too, were clean, my rubbers new and unimpeachable. The tomatoes I meant to preserve until winter should make them beyond price in value were firm, ripe, of uniform size and just from the vines. Each was like a monster carbuncle or ruby when the English gardener had wiped it tenderly and arranged it in line with its fellows upon the table.

We packed them, still with tender solicitude, into the clean jars, filled the jars with pure cold water until they overflowed, fitted on the new rubbers and screwed down the blameless covers. Then we turned each jar upside down to be sure not an air bubble was left within. Lastly, we buried them upside down in clean, dry sawdust and sent them to the cellar.

One black November day, English Robert and I descended to the cellar to examine into the condition of our mammoth jewels.

As the romancists say, "We draw a veil over what followed." English Robert has never spoken of it since I fled from the scene and scent. The iron of chagrin had gone too deeply into his confiding soul.

Now for my query. Will some one—or more—of the dozens of eager housewives who joined in extolling the cold canning process last summer tell me in what respect I came short of the requisites to such "unqualified success" as is reported by "S. L. A. D."? Who, besides myself and one candid neighbor of my own, who confesses bluntly that the "rhubarb put up according to the cold water cure proved to be all spush and smell," has tried the process which was to emancipate American housemothers from the heat and horrors of "canning time" and failed ingloriously?

Next!

May the "oriole" come again. I often see complaints made through your columns of that bane of, very often, the most particular housekeeper—bedbugs. Knowing something which has with us proved to be truly a "sure cure" I feel moved to let others know of it.

A relative moved into a newly-built house, and after a short time was horrified to find not only beds, but other furniture as well, overrun by the pests. Even into parlor and dining room they penetrated. The wood in the house, a builder said, was to blame for the trouble.

After trying many so-called "exterminators" without success, this relative learned from a neighbor the remedy I offer, and used it with such success that her house was soon cleared of the pests.

We, too, have tested it, and proved it to be excellent. After moving into our present home we found it well-tenanted by the pests, which soon made themselves at home in our beds, pictures, etc.

Iron beds and iron frame springs were no more exempt than were wooden ones. Pictures became infested, and the "bugs" have even dropped upon us from the ceilings.

When we learned of our relative's remedy, we promptly put it into use last summer with such success, after two or three applications, that we have not been troubled by the nuisance this season at all.

In fact, we have the first one to see or feel. To be "immune" from bedbugs—to know that our bed linen is free from their tell-tale stains, and that our home knows them no longer—makes us glad indeed.

The remedy is very simple, and within the reach of the pocketbook of the poorest. It is simply a mixture of turpentine and corrosive sublimate. Get a pint of turpentine from a dealer in paints, then take the bottle, which should be large enough to hold it easily, to a druggist and have him put into it ten cents' worth of corrosive sublimate. Shake the bottle, pour part of the contents into a receptacle, taking care not to let it get on the hands; then, with a small paint brush, apply to infested articles. Give a second, perhaps a third, treatment later, and enjoy freedom from the "bugs."

## Types of Notable American Women

No. 8



GERTRUDE ATHERTON

## Four Toothsome Green Corn Dishes

### GREEN CORN CROQUETTES.

Grate the kernels from twelve ears of corn, taking care not to get too close to the cob. You want milk and pulp, not fibre, that has no more nourishment in it than so much wet sawdust. Put the juicy pulp thus secured into a double boiler over the fire to heat. Rub together to a paste one tablespoonful of butter and two tablespoonfuls of flour. Add this to the corn when steaming hot, and stir until it is smooth and very thick. Add one-half of a teaspoonful of salt and one-third of a teaspoonful of pepper, and turn out on a greased platter to cool. When cold and firm form into croquettes, dip each into slightly beaten egg, roll in fine bread crumbs, leave on the ice for two hours and fry golden brown in smoking-hot fat.

### A DELICIOUS CORN SOUP.

Cut the grains from a dozen large ears of corn and chop fine. Have ready shelled and thrown into cold water a pint of very small lima beans or a pint of young string beans, cut into half-inch lengths. Slice a dozen half-grown pods of okra very thin.

Put the corn and okra over the fire in a quart of weak stock of any kind—chicken is best. The liquor in which chickens have been boiled will do well for this purpose. Cook fast twenty-five minutes, and rub corn, okra and stock through a colander into another kettle. Add the beans to this, with a tablespoonful of onion juice, and stew gently for half an hour. Make a "roux" of a great spoonful of butter and the same of flour, cooked together for three minutes, and turn into the soup. Season with salt, pepper and minced parsley. Boil one minute and serve.

There is no better summer soup than this.

### GREEN CORN "GRIDDLES."

Grate the grains from twelve ears of corn, and mix with two cups of milk. Beat two eggs very light, adding a tablespoonful of sugar and one of melted butter. Stir this into the corn; salt to taste; put in a heaping teaspoonful of cornstarch wet with milk and beat all together hard for one minute.

Drop by the great spoonful upon a hot griddle—soapstone is best—turning as they brown. If you wish to eat them with meat as a vegetable, pepper, as well as salt.

Pile upon a hot plate.

### SUCCOTASH SALAD. (Very good.)

Cut cold boiled corn from the cob; heap upon leaves of crisp lettuce, with half the quantity of cold cooked lima or string beans; cut small; mix well with the corn. Salt slightly, set on ice until very cold and pour mayonnaise dressing over the succotash.

from the "bugs."

If they are in the walls apply the remedy with brush to all cracks and crevices—in the corners and around door and window frames. It dries quickly and leaves no stain, and a pint, even, goes a long way, thus making it cheap as well as an efficient remedy.

We always use turpentine in our clothes closets, too. Keep a bit of flannel tacked to the under part of the shelf or against the wall, and wet it with the fluid a couple of times in the year, and so keep moths at bay. We never have them.

When whitewashing is to be done a teaspoonful of turpentine is put into each bucket of the mixture. It helps to keep it from rubbing off, kills all insects and eggs of such and imparts a delightfully fresh, invigorating odor wherever used.

A bird that is always welcome.

## The Parent's Corner.

So many tell you their troubles and you seem to help them out, I thought I would come to you with mine. I take your paper and enjoy it very much, though I have to read it a great many times with baby pulling at one corner. I am no wrying to write with one hand and to rock the cradle with the other.

MRS. R. H. L.

I give the prefatory sentences of a letter, the rest of which is published in the Housewife's Exchange. Place is given to these sentences here not because the writer speaks gratefully of the little I have done to beguile the weariness of work-a-day hours, although such kindly appreciation is lubricating oil that makes the wheels of toil run smoothly. Not one word of praiseful appreciation is wasted upon one whose earnest desire and fond hope are to be a burden bearer to tired mothers and discouraged housewives.

Yet the part of the extract which appeals to me most strongly is that in which the mother, with sweet unconsciousness, sketches the picture of herself and the baby, now tugging at the paper her mother tries to read, and peeping around the corner of the page with a gleeful gurgle to catch the eye and provoke a smile from the reader; now falling asleep in the cradle swung gently with the left hand, while the right guides the pen. How many, many such scenes are enacted throughout this land of homes! And what a harvest the future of the country will yield for the loving, patient seed-sowing of just such mothers.

I set the thought at the head of our "Corner" today for the encouragement of women of so-called narrow spheres and humble aspirations.

When do we mothers take the hand from the cradle? Literally, or figuratively, it is always there, whatever the other hand may find to do.

Can you give me any information as to where I may obtain the instruction book for a "Mother Goose Entertainment" or "An Evening With Mother Goose"? It is an evening entertainment for children.

E. B.

I did not know there was such a book, and I shall be glad to get title, compiler and publisher.

But twenty years and more ago I set the "entertainment" upon the stage with no manual at all. Indeed, I had never heard of it as a "show." Several of us matrons who were interested in treating our babies of assorted sizes to Christmas pantomime arranged and carried out a programme which gave universal satisfaction. The children did it all, except that a sweet voice from behind the curtain announced the subject of the next scene and repeated the rhyme it would illustrate.

One dainty damsel rode a cock (hobby) horse, with rings on her fingers and bells on her toes. Little Miss Muffet, seated on a tuffet in the center of the platform, sipped her curds-and-whey in content until a huge black spider, suspended by an invisible thread from the "flies," sat down beside her, when she screamed, threw away her bowl and ran off the stage. Jack and Jill fell down an inclined plane covered with green baize, the pall of water rolling out of sight. We had "My Daughter Jane" and the "Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe" and a dozen other scenes. Between the acts a good reader gave "match" selections from Mrs. Whitney's "Mother Goose for Grown People."

I hope this hasty outline may be of some service to "E. B." and that she may find the book she is looking for.

Can you advise me, through your helpful column or otherwise, what will eradicate the pest that sometimes finds its way to a child's head? My little niece has in some way acquired the vermin, and I wish to learn of something efficacious and not injurious to the scalp. Your advice will be gratefully received.

L. Y.

My apology for again introducing a repulsive subject is that letters of inquiry and complaint shower thickly upon me. And this, despite the exhaustive discussion of ways and means against the "pest" lately held in this column. Tincture of larkspur—a deadly poison if taken internally, but harmless as a wash—is as nearly sure an exterminator as can be found. Shampoo the child's head weekly and faithfully, and every night for a week wash the hair thoroughly to the roots and throughout the length of every hair with the tincture.

My bachelor brother is convinced that he could bring up my two boys better than I can. He insists they should be "hardened" by all sorts of exercise and by rough usage, now and then. The younger is a sturdy little fellow of 8 and doesn't mind a hard knock or sharp word. The elder is just 10, and has never been strong. He is ambitious and plucky, and the idea of his brother beating him in boxing or wrestling is disagreeable. "He stood up to him," as my brother calls it, the other day, when their uncle made them box, until he was knocked down. When he didn't get up, his uncle found he had fainted. So he threw cold water in his face, and when he came to, he had a chill, followed by a fever. His uncle ridicules him, and has taught his brother to call him "Miss Nancy," and a "milk-sop," and such names. When I pet the boy, my brother says I am ruining him.

What shall I do? Let his uncle "harden" him? Or submit to being teased and told I am "not fit to bring up men"? You see, their father is dead these four years. Is it a fact that, as my brother says, women do not know how to raise boys?

A WORRIED WOMAN.

On the contrary, some of the manliest men who ever lived were brought up by widowed mothers. George Washington, for example, whose father died when the boy was but 12 years old. I could make out a long list of sons who served their generation nobly, and who attributed all that was best in them to maternal influence.

One thing goes to prove you wiser than your critical brother. You appreciate partially the truth that all boys are not cast in the same mold. To attempt to "harden" a fragile baby by methods used with his hale brother is one form of infanticide. It makes one shudder to think what might have been the outcome of the unequal boxing match. You should have the child carefully examined by your family physician. There may be weakness of the heart or other organic trouble. Let him live out of doors as much as possible and run and romp naturally. But no races, and no more boxing and wrestling.

As to that bachelor brother, he is one of a kind I see specimens of daily. The best cure for his conceit would be matrimony and four boys of his own, with varying temperaments and constitutions.

Don't soften your son's moral and physical muscle by overindulgence, but watch him with your eyes, not another's.

## Japanese Servants Are Popular

Tired housewives whose worries over the "servant question" led them to hope the Chinese exclusion act would become a dead-letter so that they might have Chinese servants, may now take heart despite the fact that the Celestial is still barred out. The advent of the Japanese domestic is imminent. In fact, the advance guard is already with us.

Those thoroughly familiar with the Japs, in his native land, declare that he makes the ideal servant of the world. The newest, most fashionable and most up-to-date institution in New York, the "Jap Club," has taken the initiative in the servant question, and instead of the specially imported English servants, has enlisted a complete corps of Japanese. Obsequious little yellow men in the club livery attend upon every want of the clubmen with astonishing success; for the little Jap is the easiest servant in the world to train, and the neatest and the most intelligent.

In this fact will lie his popularity when women in general learn something of his nature and accomplishments.

There are a few Japanese servants in this city. They command high prices, and in the majority of cases are to be found in bachelor apartments. There a Jap is butler, cook and valet in one.

In intelligence he is far superior to the stately English butler. His daintily prepared dishes bear no comparison with those of the ordinary chef of either sex, and as a valet he is quiet, attentive and thoroughly understands his duties.

The woman who once employs a trained Japanese servant will ever after believe life impossible without domestic services. In intelligence and cleanliness he far surpasses the Chinaman, whose coming many housewives so long have believed to be the only solution of the vexed "servant question."

### They Sized Him Up.

(Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

"I went with my wife to visit her relatives this summer, and it was the first time most of them had ever seen me."

"What was the verdict?"

"They were too polite to tell me. All except Uncle Jehro. Jehro looked me up and down when he heard I was on the way, and he slowly turned away."

"Didn't he say something?"

"Yes, he summed me all up in one word."

"And that was?"

"Shucks!"

### A Hard Task.

(Philadelphia Press.)

"They're getting rich, aren't they?"

"Yes, they're just rich enough now to have trouble with their servants."

"Yes, they're trying to keep an Irish butler and an Irish cook lady."